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DECK THE HALLS

The time has come to think of Christmas shopping, for the Yuletide will be upon us quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. (Have you ever wondered, incidentally, about the origin of this interesting phrase "Quicker than you can say Jack Robinson"? Well sir, the original saying was French—"*Plus vite que de dire Jacques Robespierre.*" Jack Robinson is, as everyone knows, an Anglicization of Jacques Robespierre who was, as everyone knows, the famous figure from the French Revolution who, as everyone knows, got murdered in his bath by Danton, Murat, Caligula, and Al Capone.

(The reason people started saying "Quicker than you can say Jacques Robespierre"—or Jack Robinson, as he is called in English-speaking countries like England, the U.S., and Cleveland—is quite an interesting little story. It seems that Robespierre's wife, Georges Sand, got word of the plot to murder her husband in his bath. All she had to do to save his life was call his name and warn him. But, alas, quicker than she could say Jacques Robespierre, she received a telegram from her old friend Frederic Chopin who was down in Majorca setting lyrics

to his immortal "Warsaw Concerto." Chopin said he needed Georges Sand's help desperately because he could not find a rhyme for "Warsaw." Naturally, Georges could not refuse such an urgent request.

(Well sir, off to Majorca went Georges, but before she left, she told her little daughter Walter that some bad men were coming to murder Daddy in his bath. She instructed Walter to shout Robespierre's name the moment the bad men arrived. But Walter, alas, had been *not*-bathing that morning on the Riviera, and she had come home with a big bag of salt water taffy, and when the bad men arrived to murder Robespierre, Walter, alas, was chewing a wad of taffy and could not get her mouth unstuck in time to shout a warning. Robespierre, alas, was murdered quicker than you could say Jacques Robespierre—or Jack Robinson, as he is called in English-speaking countries.

(There is, I am pleased to report, one small note of cheer in this grisly tale. When Georges Sand got to Majorca, she did succeed in helping Chopin find a rhyme for "Warsaw" as everyone knows who has heard those haunting lyrics:

In the fair town of Warsaw,
Which Napoleon's horse saw,
Singing cockles and mussels, alive alive o!

But I digress.

We were speaking of Christmas gifts. What we all try to find at Christmas is, of course, unusual and distinctive gifts for our friends. May I suggest then a carton of Marlboro Cigarettes?

What? You are astonished? You had not thought of Marlboros as unusual? You had regarded them as familiar, reliable smokes whose excellence varied not one jot nor tittle from year to year?

True. All true. But all the same, Marlboros are unusual because every time you try one, it's like the first time. The flavor never palls, the filter never gets hackneyed, the soft pack is ever a new delight, and so is the Flip Top box. Each Marlboro is a fresh and pristine pleasure, and if you want all your friends to clap their hands and cry, "Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Santa Claus!" you will see that their stockings are filled with Marlboros on Christmas morn. © 1963 Max Shulman

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The holiday season or any other season is the season to be jolly—if Marlboro is your brand. You'll find Marlboros wherever cigarettes are sold in all fifty states of the Union. You get a lot to like in Marlboro Country.

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